

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

FALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal
CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED
"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

No. 151. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1871.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN
PORT," &c. &c.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER V. "SCENE: A STREET IN LYONS."

SUCH of the good people of Springside as took an interest in the affairs of their neighbours (and they were by no means a small proportion of the population), were both astonished and disappointed at no match being made up between the Reverend Onesiphorus Drage and the pretty widow, to whom the care of his child had been confided during his absence. The story of Mrs. Drage's last request, which was assiduously bruited about immediately after that good lady's death, had been received with a certain amount of discredit, and a large amount of scorn. Virgin noses, brought together in conclave at Dorcas meetings, had sniffed their contempt at Mrs. Pickering's boldness, and wifely lips had laughed in disdain at Mr. Drage's innocence, in thinking that any woman would not merely recommend her husband to fill her place, but would actually nominate her successor. Mr. Drage's temporary absence from Springside, and Mrs. Pickering's quasi-adoption of little Bertha, were regarded by the worthy townspeople as devised by the acuteness of the widow, who, bold as she might be, had not sufficient audacity to permit her courtship by the parson to be carried on "under the noses," as they expressed it, of those who had known his deceased wife. And when the news was spread that Mr. Drage was coming back, the usual amount of tea-table hospitality received a great impetus, and all the scandal-mongers of the place were expectant of their prey. The question

whether Mrs. Pickering would remain at the rectory was for some time debated with the keenest anxiety, until at last it was proved, to the satisfaction of all parties, that, whether she stopped or whether she went, she would be equally wrong. By stopping she would outrage all laws of society, and it would be a question whether a statement of the facts ought not to be submitted to the bishop; by going she would act most artfully, and take the surest step to induce the rector to invite her to come back to the house as its head.

Even the fact that Mrs. Pickering, immediately after the rector's return, took up quite a new line of life, and entered upon her duties as housekeeper to Sir Geoffrey Heriot, the new tenant of Wheatscroft, did not suffice to disabuse the Springsideites of their belief in her ultimate intentions about their rector. Mrs. Pickering had found the parson more difficult to ensnare than she had at first believed, said the worthy townsfolk to each other, and, though they were by no means aware of it, accredited her, as a disciple of Mrs. Peachum's doctrine, "by keeping men off you keep them on." Over the evening mufils and teacakes (Springside is renowned for its confectionery, and has given its name to a particularly luscious and sticky kind of bun) were breathed rumours that the housekeeper had already constituted herself a great favourite with her new master, whom she was reported to be "playing off" against her former employer. That there were reasons for these rumours was generally believed; even the most incredulous could not help admitting that, during the whole time he had held the living, the rector's visits had never been so frequent to any of his parishioners as they were now to Wheatscroft.

So ran the gossips' talk, which like nearly all gossips' talk, however exaggerated, had some truth in it. After the first shock of her revelation to him that she was no widow, but a woman who had been deserted by a husband yet alive, Mr. Drage had determined upon the line of conduct which he would for the future pursue in regard to Mrs. Pickering, and had carried it out to the letter.

"There is an end, then," he said to her, after a few minutes had passed away, and the first shock of astonishment and grief had subsided, "there is an end, then, to my dream of the last twelvemonth! It passes away as other dreams have passed before it; name, and fame, and—health; I have dreamed of all, and found none! It is wisely ordained, doubtless," he continued, "but—it is a great blow. I had built so on it; why, I know not, for, try my hardest, I could never find any expression in your letters which would lead me to believe you understood my feelings towards you; yet I had built so on it, I can scarcely believe even now that the whole fabric lies shattered at a word. We shall still be friends though, now?"

"Surely we shall still be friends!" she replied; "you cannot for an instant think that what you have said to me just now could cause any alteration in the regard and gratitude which I have always felt towards you."

"No," he said, somewhat nervously, "I suppose not."

"Rather," she continued, "should you think what perfect trust I must have in you to confide to you the secret of my life! There is no one else in the whole world who knows of my marriage; the fact has been concealed even from my sister; it is known but to me—and to him!"

There was a lengthened pause, during which, though Mr. Drage sat with his face shaded by his hand, it was evident he was under the influence of deep emotion. When he looked up again there were traces of tears upon his cheeks, and his voice was unsteady as he said, "Will—will what has happened make any difference in your decision upon Captain Cleethorpe's proposition?"

"No," she said, "it will not."

"And your decision is——?" he asked.

"To accept it without doubt," she replied. "Even had I a choice of the ways of life, I do not think I should hesitate in accepting what has been offered to me in such a kindly spirit, and which, quite

peaceful and retired as it must be, will suit me so well. That illness from which, under Providence, I was rescued by your kindness, robbed me of a certain amount of youthful strength, and left me unfitted for any very active employment; besides, I have formed friendships here, which I should regret giving up, and I should scarcely have the heart to commence anew in a strange place."

"You are right," said the rector, still sitting with averted face. "It was selfish, indeed, to imagine for an instant that you could come to any other decision. And it would not much matter to me," he added, struggling with his breaking voice; "my stay must be so very short."

The peculiarity of his manner struck Madge instantly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Drage?" she asked, laying her hand lightly on his sleeve.

"Simply," he said, removing his hand from his face, in which burned the hectic flush, which always fluttered there when under mental excitement, "I mean I could not trust myself to be near you, to be frequently brought within the charm of your presence, under the spell of your voice, without thinking of you as I have done during—during all the time I have been abroad. There was no sin in it then, Heaven knows! What I dared to hope in regard to you had been hoped by my dead wife, and was thought of almost as much in the interest of my little child as my own! Had you been free, and had rejected me, I should still have hoped, and hoping died; but what you have told me to-day renders such a thought of you a sin, and—I am too weak to fight against it."

When he ceased he leaned back in his chair apparently quite overcome.

"You misjudge your own strength, Mr. Drage," said Madge, bending towards him; "you don't know yourself so well as I know you; you are physically weak just now, and overwrought by this interview, which has, indeed, been sufficiently trying to both of us, but after a few days' rest you will be yourself again, and you will find your inclination keeping you where your duty lies, sentinel at this outpost which has been committed to your keeping."

"You think so?" he asked, anxiously.

"I am sure of it," she replied. "Do not let me think that, with the full knowledge that you could be nothing more to me than a friend, you would refuse me that friendship, that counsel and comfort, of which I stand so much in need. It would be hard

indeed that the fact of my having confided to you the secret of my forlorn position, should have lost me that regard which I valued most!"

"My own folly would have been the cause, not what you told me," he interrupted.

"What I told you would have brought about the result which I am showing you," she replied. "And, again, where would the peaceful, happy future, which I have pictured to myself, be for me, with the thought that my remaining here had driven you out from amongst the people who love you, and with whom so many happy years of your life had been spent? Where would be my peace of mind when I reflected that all this wretchedness would have been spared to you and yours, had I not come among you in a false name and under a false pretence?"

He motioned with his hand for her to cease, then said in a low tone, "You must not speak thus of yourself."

"I must," she said, "for it is true! If you would silence me, accept the position I offer you and entreat you to take—be my dear, dear friend, helping me, as you have done, to fight the battle here, and to look for the reward—hereafter!"

And amid the tears which fell like rain down his wan cheeks she heard him say solemnly:

"I will!"

Not another word was uttered, but the compact which was entered into was nevertheless religiously kept. The next morning Captain Cleethorpe called upon Mrs. Pickering, and heard with great delight that she had determined on accepting the position which he had offered her, and seldom had the retired Indian officer cared to express his pleasure more openly.

"I don't mind telling you now, Mrs. Pickering," said he, "but this has been quite a pet project of mine. I was a bit doubtful about the padre at one time, and fond of him as I am, as we all are indeed, I should have been glad if he could have postponed his arrival for a few days. I knew the great interest he took in you, and I thought he might feel that the house of an old retired Indian officer, no matter how old or how retired, might scarcely be a fit place for you. However, I shall take an early opportunity of bringing Mr. Drage and Sir Geoffry Heriot together, and I am sure that they will get on remarkably well. What I want you to understand, and what I am sure you will feel as soon as you have

been a few days at Wheatcroft, is that your position of housekeeper will be simply a nominal one. By this I mean to say that it must have some name, and as you cannot be called military secretary, or commissary-general, or aide-de-camp, one is obliged to fall back upon the ordinary British formula. If I had had my way, I would have had you called chief of the staff; and if the old general only appreciates you as much as I expect, you will find your position both a confidential and a pleasant one."

Captain Cleethorpe's predictions came true to the letter. When, a few days afterwards, Sir Geoffry Heriot arrived at Wheatcroft, and Mrs. Pickering was personally introduced to him, with admirable tact, by the captain, she found in her new employer a man accustomed to command, so accustomed, indeed, as to be not unwilling to slip out of his buckram suit, and to have the burden of responsibility removed to other shoulders. Time had whitened Sir Geoffry's iron-grey hair, leaving it massed and curling as before, and blanched his small moustache, but the bronzed cheeks shone even more deeply red, in contrast with the white hair, and, under the bushy eyebrows, the glance of the dark eyes was prompt and expressive as ever.

Little time did it take Sir Geoffry Heriot to appraise the character and qualities of the new addition to his domestic circle. He had written for a housekeeper, and had expected to find a stout, elderly personage, of motherly presence and dubious grammar, who would take care that his dinners were ordered, his rooms dusted, and his linen aired; and would act as a species of buffer between himself and his tradespeople. What he found was, a young and handsome woman of good education, refined and lady-like in her manner; such a woman, in fact, as he might have met with on the rare occasions when he accepted some of his brother officers' hospitality in India, but such a one as he had not been brought into close or frequent contact with since his youthful days. Over the old man, strict disciplinarian, bitter, hardened cynic and woman-hater as he was, Madge Pierrepont exercised her accustomed influence. Not that, for one instant, Sir Geoffry Heriot dreamed of falling in love with her, the absurdity of such a proceeding in a man of his age towards a woman of hers, and the difference in their respective positions (a difference never insisted on, but, at the same time, never forgotten), would have prevented his allowing himself so to

blunder, even had he the smallest inclination. But he did not disguise from himself that the perpetual presence of such a woman around and about him, had a certain softening and refining influence, and that, week by week, his consideration for her increased, as she rendered herself more and more essential to his well-being, and to the comfort of all around him.

This influence was shown in odd and various ways. To Captain Cleethorpe, as a man of good position in his own profession, as the intimate ally of his friend, Colonel Goole, and as a gentleman who had taken some trouble in regard to the purchase of Wheatcroft, Sir Geoffry was polite, and, to a certain extent, genial, placing himself, as it were, under the captain's wing, so far as the Springside society was concerned, accepting introductions to the retired Indians, both military and civil, at the club, and altogether so conducting himself as to give his acquaintances reason to believe that the stories of his cold hanteur, which had heralded his advent, were exaggerated, if not absolutely false. But when Captain Cleethorpe, a few days after Sir Geoffry's arrival, drove out to Wheatcroft, taking with him the Reverend Onesiphorus Drage, the new tenant of that pleasant abode relapsed into such a state of ramrod stiffness, and curt phraseology, as rendered the visit anything but a pleasant one.

Determined not to be discouraged, on the next occasion of his meeting with the old officer, Captain Cleethorpe mentioned Mr. Drage's name, which elicited from Sir Geoffry an expression of his contempt for what he was pleased to term "psalm smiting," and of his aversion to the clerical profession in general. Captain Cleethorpe did not pursue the subject, but took occasion later on, in the presence of other persons, to whom he apparently addressed himself, to tell the story of the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Drage had tended Mrs. Pickering, during the illness which attacked her on her first arrival in Springside, and had devoted themselves to her on her recovery.

Sir Geoffry said nothing at the time, but he requested Mrs. Pickering's attendance in the library that evening, and after handing her to a chair with as much ceremony as he would have shown in the old days to the wife of the Governor-General, he spoke to her on a few unimportant topics, and gradually led her to speak of the commencement of her first acquaintance with

Mr. Drage. Madge, who knew nothing of the reception which the rector had experienced at Sir Geoffry's hands, spoke as she felt, in the warmest and most enthusiastic manner of her old friend. And the next day Sir Geoffry called at the rectory, and took especial care to obliterate any traces of the ill-feeling which might be lingering in Mr. Drage's mind.

The acquaintance, thus strangely begun, speedily ripened. It was impossible for any one to be thrown much in company with the rector, so simple-minded in worldly matters, so steadfast and earnest in his calling, without becoming interested in him. Sir Geoffry Heriot had met no such specimen of man before; during his career in India he had always regarded the regimental chaplain in the light of an objectionable, though necessary excrescence, and since his return home he had paid but little attention to the public rites of religion, or to those administering them. But he became so profoundly impressed with the views and conversation of his new-made friend when "out of the wood," as, in his old style of garrison slang, he was accustomed to speak of it, that Mr. Drage, rising in the reading-desk one Sunday, was astonished to find himself confronted by the martial figure of the old general, who paid strict attention to the service, and, on the next occasion of the rector's visit to Wheatcroft, was remarkably stringent in his criticism on the curate's sermon.

The plunge once made, the Sunday visit to the church became a regular habit, and the intercourse between this oddly-assorted pair of friends was much increased thereby.

The first and chief point of interest between them was, of course, their common regard for Mrs. Pickering. To sing her praises; to talk of her, as, indeed, he felt towards her now, after the schooling to which he had necessarily subjected himself, with something like brotherly affection; to dwell upon the regard which she had inspired in his dead wife, and the worship in which she was held by his little child, was the rector's greatest delight. To this hymn of praise the old general growled a supplementary chorus. The knowledge which, in the short time, he had gained of his friend's singleness of purpose and simplicity of character, rendered him confident of the sincerity of the rector's expressed opinion about Mrs. Pickering, and Sir Geoffry often wondered why Mr. Drage had never attempted to supply the place of his late wife by one whom the deceased

lady esteemed so highly. "Perhaps the very reason!" the old warrior said grimly to himself; "if the rector is ever to fall a victim again, it will probably be to a totally different sort of person, some prattling and flirting jade, who will amuse herself by worrying his old age, and snubbing her step-daughter."

With little Bertha, indeed, Sir Geoffry did not make friends. When, as not unfrequently happened, she accompanied her father to Wheatcroft, she almost invariably remained with Mrs. Pickering, while the gentlemen were smoking in the library or in the garden: and when occasionally the general came across her, he bestowed upon her but a slight and ceremonious greeting, in no way in accordance with his usual manner towards his adult visitors. Madge noticed this, but said nothing. One day Bertha was unwell. The next day Mr. Drage came tearing up to Wheatcroft in a fly, to announce that the doctor had declared the illness to be one of childhood's diseases in a virulent form, and to implore Mrs. Pickering's assistance, if Sir Geoffry would consent to her going to the little patient, already clamouring for her.

Both agreed at once, the one heartily the other graciously, and Madge went, and was away from Wheatcroft for four days, installed in the sick-chamber.

Those were dull days for Sir Geoffry Heriot. He missed the companionship he had grown accustomed to, and rebelled against the chance which had deprived him of it. The old, hard, cynical spirit in which he had erst revelled, came back upon him, and made itself his master once more; Riley and the other servants, who, under Madge's sway, imagined they had enjoyed a foretaste of Paradise, found out the difference, and were quickly relegated to the Inferno. If Mr. Drage could have come, he might have had some softening influence, but he was of course in constant attendance on his sick child.

When Mrs. Pickering returned she went straight into the library, where Sir Geoffry sat over his newspaper. He rose to receive her, and offered his hand, in an old-fashioned, ceremonious manner.

"You are welcome back," said he. "I am glad to see you."

"The child is out of danger," said Madge, without reference to his remarks; "the doctor says she will live."

"I suppose that is a matter for congratulation?" said Sir Geoffry, coldly.

"You suppose, Sir Geoffry?"

"I have known a child grow up to be a

disgrace to his father, and a girl become a woman when she had better have died in childhood."

Madge looked at him. His face was set, and grey, and rigid, and, looking at it, she held her peace.

But she guessed what she had often suspected before, that Sir Geoffry was the victim of some domestic trouble. What his previous private life had been she knew not; she had never inquired. All she knew of him was learned from himself, and he had never hinted at wife or family; but in the tone of his voice, and in the hardness of his manner, Madge recognised something more than his ordinary cynicism, and made up her mind that, in his reference to Bertha, he was alluding to a daughter of his own who had brought trouble upon him.

The subject had an unpleasant fascination for her, and at last she determined upon speaking about it to Captain Cleethorpe, who had been acquainted with Sir Geoffry for many years, and would doubtless be able to set her mind at rest. So she seized her opportunity and spoke to him.

Had Sir Geoffry been married? Captain Cleethorpe thought undoubtedly. Was the lady dead? Captain Cleethorpe thought no question of it. Had there been any family? Yes. A girl? Not that Captain Cleethorpe knew of. A boy, who had died? No, Captain Cleethorpe could not say he had died; the fact was—shy of mentioning these sort of things generally, don't you know, but between us, intimately connected with Sir Geoffry, Mrs. Pickering, it don't matter—the fact was the boy had gone to grief, and nobody had ever known exactly what had become of him.

Gone to grief? Captain Cleethorpe meant that the young man had deserted his home, and perhaps been discarded by his friends. Madge found herself frequently cogitating about this boy. His position must be like Gerald's, she thought, as Gerald was when she knew him; but, according to Rose's account, Gerald had now been restored to his friends, and was living in happiness and affluence. Could not a similar reconciliation be effected between Sir Geoffry and his son? From what she could make out from Captain Cleethorpe, sufficient time had passed to dull the keen edge of such injuries as either father or son might have imagined they had received. She would try her influence with Sir Geoffry, but first she must find out who the young man was, and where and what he was then doing.

This discovery she made in an unexpected manner. Sir Geoffry had begged her to go through the contents of an old bullock trunk, which, on his arrival, had been stowed in the housekeeper's room, but which, when he came upon it in the course of a tour of inspection, he pronounced mouldy and broken, and only worthy of being got rid of. The contents were many and various. Some books, damp and musty smelling; several suits of light clothing intended for a hot climate, but now stained and mildewed; two or three faded uniform sashes; bits of dull and tarnished lace; a number of Indian newspapers tied together in a roll; and many letters and memoranda huddled together in hopeless confusion at the bottom of the trunk. Madge went carefully through this heterogeneous mass, and had put aside a certain number of papers for destruction, and another lot to await Sir Geoffry's decision, when, in taking up a letter, an enclosure dropped from it. It was a water-colour sketch, roughly but cleverly done, of a street in an old French town. Looking at it, she seemed to recognise the place at once as one perfectly familiar to her. There was the great two towered cathedral, with the market-place at its base, full of life and bustle; there were the cafés and the estaminet, with a big wooden barrel as a sign swinging over its portal; there was the cooper's with the billets of wood lying in front of his door; the glove-maker's, with the great wooden hand; there were even the hooded cabriolets, in which the peasantry had come in from the rural districts, and the dogs dragging the produce-laden barrels. Here it all was just exactly as she had seen it. Seen it; she had never been abroad, and yet every detail in the picture was perfectly familiar to her.

Thinking it over, she had a strange recollection of Dobson, the manager at Wexeter, in a uniform and cocked-hat, and Mr. Boodle also in uniform, and old Minneken in tights and Hessian boots, with tassels to them—yes, now it all came back to her! Dobson was General Damas, Boodle was Claude Melnotte, and Minneken was Beau-séant, the play was the Lady of Lyons, and the scene was one which Gerald Hardinge had painted for the Wexeter Theatre! They had all admired it, she remembered; they had all said, such of them as knew anything about it, how wonderfully true to nature it was. And Gerald had laughed, and said he had drawn it from an early

recollection. Nay, more, if she had wanted further corroboration, there were the initials "G. H." in the corner of the sketch.

How did Sir Geoffry Heriot come into possession of a sketch done years ago by Gerald Hardinge? The letter would tell her that. She took it up and read it. It was written in a boy's round hand, dated from Lille, and commenced, "My dear father." Dull and uninteresting enough, written as though to order, detailing the course of his studies, and the unvarying manner of his life. It expressed a hope that the person to whom it was addressed would return in good health, and that they should soon meet. The last paragraph ran thus :

I think you will say that since I addressed you six months ago, I have made some improvement in my drawing; I take great interest in it, and am very fond of it. I send you a sketch of our market-place, which I copied from nature, and which, the professor says, is very good.

Your affectionate son,
GEORGE HERIOT.

As the letter fluttered to the ground, Madge Pierrepont knew that Sir Geoffry Heriot's discarded son, and the scene-painter, Gerald Hardinge, were one and the same man.

THE WAHABEES.

Who are the Wahabees, and why should the distressing murder of Mr. Justice Norman be laid at their door? There has been much correspondence in the newspapers, and considerable diversity of opinion on this head. Old Indian officials on the one hand, and intelligent Mahomedans on the other, have held forth for and against the theory that an English judge has been slaughtered by a Wahabee. Other murders by Indian fanatics have been cited; the personal experience and recollections of eminent men have been quoted, the movements of people known to be Wahabees have been watched, and the result flashed to Europe by telegraph, and the upshot of it all has been to puzzle and distress the average newspaper reader exceedingly. Yet the rise, progress, and objects of the sect so often referred to lately, as well as the grievances of our loyal Mahomedan fellow-subjects, and the present unsatisfactory condition of our Indian Empire, have been set forth with great clearness within the

last few weeks by an Indian civil servant ; and the published result of his labours enables the English mind to comprehend, far more clearly than it could otherwise hope to do, the controversies to which the lamentable death of the late Justice Norman has given rise. Doctor W. W. Hunter, of whose *Annals of Rural Bengal* the *Spectator* wrote, "It their author does not ultimately compel recognition from the world as an historian of the very first class —of the class to which not a score of Englishmen have ever belonged—we entirely mistake our trade," has produced a work which, under the title of "*The Indian Mussulmans : are they bound in Conscience to rebel against the Queen?*" goes to the root of the whole question of Mahomedan discontent, and reveals a condition of affairs which may well cause anxiety to well-wishers of the Anglo-Indian rule.

Doctor Hunter, who will speak to the reader in his own nervous English throughout this article, gives the key-note to his book in its dedicatory epistle. The greatest wrong that the English can do to their Asiatic subjects, he says, is not to understand them. The chronic peril which threatens the British power in India, is the gap between the rulers and the ruled ; and the present spirit of unrest among our Mahomedan fellow-subjects, the events which led to the formation of a rebel colony on our frontier, the treasonable organisation by which the leaders of that colony draw unfailing supplies of money and men from the interior districts of the empire, are many of them traced to this cause. The rebel camp on the Punjab frontier owes its origin to Sayyid Ahmad, one of those bold spirits whom our extermination of the Pindari power scattered over India half a century ago. He began life as a horse soldier in the service of a celebrated freebooter, after which he spent three years in studying the sacred law of Mahomed, under a doctor of high repute in Delhi. He next went forth as a preacher, and by boldly attacking the abuses which have crept into the Mahomedan faith in India, obtained a zealous and turbulent following. In the year 1820, this apostle journeyed slowly southwards, his disciples rendering him menial services in acknowledgment of his spiritual dignity, and men of rank and learning running like common servants, with their shoes off, by the side of his palanquin. During a protracted stay at Patna, his followers became so numerous as to require a regular system of government, and Sayyid Ahmad was equal to the

occasion. He appointed agents, to go forth and collect a tax from the profits of trade, in all the large towns he had passed through. He nominated four caliphs, or spiritual vice-regents, by a formal deed, such as the Mahomedan emperors used in appointing governors of provinces. Having thus formed a permanent centre at Patna, the apostle followed the course of the Ganges to Calcutta, appointing agents in all the important towns, and making countless converts by the way. In Calcutta itself, the masses flocked to him in such numbers, that he was unable even to go through the ceremony of initiation by the separate laying on of hands. Unrolling his turban, therefore, he declared that all who could touch any part of its ample length became his disciples. This freebooter saint inaugurated a sort of holy war against the Sikhs in 1826, and was surprised and slain by a Sikh army in 1831. But the evil he had done in stirring up rebellion lived after him. In 1852, Lord Dalhousie recorded two important minutes against the treasonable organisation of his fanatical followers ; in 1853, several of our native soldiers were convicted of correspondence with these traitors ; and between 1850 and 1863, twenty separate expeditions were despatched against the fanatical colony, which has never ceased to maintain the most subtle intercommunication with the Mahomedan subjects of the Queen. One of the fruits of Sayyid Ahmad's teaching, according to Doctor Hunter, is, then, that for years a rebel colony has threatened our frontier, from time to time sending forth fanatic swarms, who have attacked our camps, burned our villages, murdered our subjects, and involved our troops in costly wars. Month by month this hostile settlement across the border has been, our author insists, systematically recruited from the heart of Bengal. Successive state trials prove that a network of conspiracy has spread itself over our provinces, and disclose an organisation which systematically levies money and men in the Delta, and forwards them, by regular stages, along our high roads, to the rebel camp two thousand miles off. Men of keen intelligence and ample fortune have embarked in the plot, and a skilful system of remittances has reduced one of the most perilous enterprises of treason to a safe operation of banking.

While the more fanatical of the Mussulmans have thus engaged in sedition, the whole Mahomedan community have

been openly deliberating on their obligation to rebel. During the past twelve months the leading newspapers in Bengal have filled their columns with discussions as to the duty of the Mahomedans to wage war against the Queen. The duty of rebellion has been formally and publicly reduced to a nice point of Mahomedan law. Somehow or other, every Mussulman seems to have found himself called upon to declare his faith; to state openly whether he will or will not contribute to the traitor's camp on our frontier; and to elect, once for all, whether he shall play the part of a devoted follower of Islam, or of a peaceable subject of the Queen. In order to enable the Mahomedans to decide these points, they have not only consulted the leading doctors of their law in India, but they have gone as far as Mecca itself. The obligation of the Indian Mussulmans to rebel or not, hung for some months on the deliberations of three Suni priests in the holy city of Arabia. Nor is this all. The Mussulmans of India are, and have been for many years, according to our author, a source of chronic danger to the British power in India. For some reason or other they have held aloof from our system, and the changes in which the more flexible Hindus have cheerfully acquiesced, are regarded by them as deep personal wrongs. The aim of Doctor Hunter's book is to inquire into the grievances of the Mahomedans under English rule, and to point out their real wrongs, and the means of remedying them. Meanwhile, we are assured that any attempt at even the briefest epitome of the Wahabee treatises in prose and verse, on the duty of waging war against the English, would fill a volume. The sect has developed a copious literature filled with prophecies of the downfall of the British power, and devoted to the duty of religious rebellion. The mere titles of its favourite works suffice to show their almost uniformly treasonable character. Many of them are of so flagrant a kind as to require to be secretly passed from hand to hand in manuscript. Others are widely circulated. The poison, however, is not confined to their readers alone, but is carried into every district of Bengal by a swarm of preachers, every one of whom is carefully nurtured in treason before he goes forth on his proselytising work. Many of these works are openly sold in the towns of British India, the most violent and seditious finding the greatest favour with the multitude. Here is a specimen of the teaching by which the

duty of treason is enforced: "The Indian Mahomedan who would save himself from hell has the single alternative of war against the infidel, or flight from the accursed land. No True Believer can live loyal to our government without perdition to his soul. Those who would deter others from holy war or flight, are heart hypocrites. Let all know this. In a country where the ruling religion is other than Mahomedanism, the religious precepts of Mahomed cannot be enforced. It is incumbent on Mussulmans to join together, and wage war upon the infidels. Those who are unable to take part in the fight should emigrate to a country of the True Faith. . . . In short, oh brethren, we ought to weep over our state, for the messenger of God is angered with us because of our living in the land of the infidel. When the prophet of God himself is displeased with us, to whom shall we look for shelter? Those whom God has supplied with the means should resolve upon flight, for a fire is raging here. If we speak the truth we shall be strangled; and if we remain silent, injury is done to our faith."

It is satisfactory to learn from Doctor Hunter, that the Wahabees have not been allowed to spread their network of treason, without some opposition from their countrymen. Besides the odium theologicum which rages between the Mahomedan sects almost as fiercely as if they were Christians, the presence of Wahabees in a district is a standing menace to all classes, whether Mussulman or Hindu, possessed of property or vested rights. Revolutionists alike in politics and in religion, they go about their work not as reformers of the Luther or Cromwell type, but as destroyers in the spirit of Robespierre. It is not surprising, therefore, that every Mussulman priest, with a dozen acres attached to his mosque or wayside shrine, has been shrieking against the Wahabees during the past half-century. In India, as elsewhere, the landed and clerical interests are bound up by a common dread of change. The Mahomedan landholders maintain the cause of the mosque, precisely as English landholders defend the Established Church. Any form of dissent, whether religious or political, is perilous to vested rights. Now the Indian Wahabees are extreme dissenters in both respects, Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, so to speak, touching matters of faith; Communists and Red Republicans in politics. Nor, indeed would the religious Jacquerie of the Wahabee's ad-

vocate find favour with the fund-holding community, or with any section of the comfortable classes. In Bengal, however, one entire trade (and a very rich and powerful one) has been steadily on their side. The Skinner and leather worker ranks at the very bottom of the Hindu community. He lays impious hands on the carcass of the sacred animal, the cow, and profits by its death. He is a man unclean from his birth, an outcast from decent society, whom no wealth or success in his detested vocation can raise to respectability. This degraded position he accepts like a true Hindu, with an untroubled mind. No exertions can raise him in the social scale, so he never attempts to rise. No honesty or sobriety could win for him the regard of his neighbours, so he lives quite happy without it. If the cows belonging to the village die in sufficient numbers to supply him with leather, well and good. If they show a reluctance to mortality, he stimulates the too tardy death-rate with a little arsenic. A man of this hopeless sort never rises above petty retail dealings, and the wholesale hide trade (one of the great Indian staples) has thus fallen into the hands of Mussulman merchants. These form one of the richest classes of the native mercantile community, but they are looked on with hatred and abhorrence by the Hindus. This detestation they pay back in kind. They well know that if the Brahmin got the upper hand, they would be the first spoil of the infidel. They accordingly regard the infidel Hindu as a fair spoil for themselves, and form the wealthiest and most powerful contributors to the Wahabee sect, whose very *raison d'être* is to wage war upon the unbeliever. But it is not to any single class, however rich or powerful, that the Wahabees owe their strength. They appeal boldly to the masses; and their system, whether of religion or of politics, is eminently adapted to the hopes and fears of a restless populace. Among these Wahabees are, as Doctor Hunter admits, thousands of sincerely pious men, who look upon self-abnegation as the first duty of life. On the other hand, the more fanatical of the sect have blazed up in denunciations against those who, from fear of an infidel government, have abandoned the cause of the faith. These last stigmatise the deserters as cowardly and self-seeking, and indignantly reject the Laodicean casuistry, by which the comfortable classes strive to serve both God and the world. For a time the well-to-do Mahomedans

bore these reproaches in silence. But they had the whole vested interests of the Mussulman clergy to back them, and have by degrees drawn out a learned array to defend their position. They began to contest the Wahabee doctrine of holy war on first principles, and to deny that they were under any obligation to wage war against the Queen. During the past few years, a whole phalanx of Fatwas, or authoritative decisions, have appeared on this side, and even the three great high priests at Mecca have been enlisted, to liberate the Indian Mussulmans from the dangerous duty of rebellion against the English crown. The Wahabees, therefore, stand condemned by Mahomedans of the better class, but this circumstance only inflames their fanaticism and makes their protests louder. It remains to ask with Doctor Hunter whether, if in any matter we have hitherto done injustice to the Mahomedans, it would not be mischievous vanity to allow anything to delay our doing justice to them now? The British government of India is strong enough to be spared the fear of being thought weak. It can shut up the traitors in its jails, but it can segregate the whole party of sedition in a nobler way, by detaching from it the sympathies of the general Mahomedan community. This, however, it can do only by removing that chronic sense of wrong which has grown up in the hearts of the Mussulmans under British rule. For there is no use shutting our ears to the fact that the Indian Mahomedans arraign us on a list of charges as serious as have ever been brought against a government. They accuse us of having closed every honourable walk of life to professors of their creed. They accuse us of having introduced a system of education which leaves their whole community unprovided for, and which has landed it in contempt and beggary. They accuse us of having brought misery into thousands of families, by abolishing their law officers, who gave the sanction of religion to the marriage tie, and who, from time immemorial, have been the depositaries and administrators of the domestic law of Islam. They accuse us of imperilling their souls, by denying them the means of performing the duties of their faith. Above all they charge us with deliberate malversation of their religious foundations, and with misappropriation on the largest scale of their educational funds. Besides these specific counts, which they believe susceptible of proof, they have a host of sentimental grievances, perhaps of

little weight with the unimaginative British mind, but which, not less in India than in Ireland, keep the popular heart in a state of soreness to their rulers.

The Cornwallis code first broke in upon their monopoly; but for the first fifty years of the company's rule the Mussulmans had the lion's share of state patronage. During its second half-century of power the tide turned, at first slowly, but with a constantly accelerating pace, as the imperative duty of conducting public business in the vernacular of the people, and not in the foreign patois of its former Mahomedan conquerors, became recognised. Then the Hindus poured into, and have since completely filled, every grade of official life. Even in the district collectorates, where it is still possible to give appointments in the old-fashioned friendly way, there are very few young Mussulman officials. The Mahomedans who yet remain in them are white-bearded men, and they have no successors. Even ten years ago the Mussulmans invariably managed to transmit the post of nazir, or chief of the revenue bailiffs, to men of their own creed, but now, one or two unpopular appointments about the jail are the most that the former masters of India can hope for. The staff of clerks attached to the various offices, the responsible posts in the courts, and even the higher offices in the police, are now recruited from the pushing Hindu youth of the government school.

With regard to the first two great sources of Mahomedan wealth, namely, the army and the "higher administrative posts, we had good reasons for what we have done, but our action has brought ruin upon the Mahomedan houses of Bengal. We shut the Mussulman aristocracy out of the army, because we believed that their exclusion was necessary to our own safety. We deprived them of their monopoly of the most lucrative functions in the administration, because their deprivation was essential to the welfare and just government of the people. But these grounds, however good in themselves, failed to convince an ancient nobility suffering under the blight of British rule. Their exclusion from the army seems to the Mussulman a great public wrong; our departure from their ancient fiscal system an absolute breach of faith. The other source of Mahomedan greatness was, as has been shown, their monopoly of civil employ. It would be unfair to lay much stress on the circumstance; but it is nevertheless a significant fact, that none of the native gentlemen

who have won their way into the covenanted civil service, or up to the bench of the high court, are Mussulmans. The proportion of Mahomedans to Hindus, in the service of the state, is now less than one-seventh. The proportion of Hindus to Europeans is more than one-half. The proportion of Mussulmans to Europeans is less than one-fourteenth. The proportion of the race which a century ago had the monopoly of government, has now fallen to less than one-twenty-third of the whole administrative body.

Doctor Hunter is not satisfied with mere generalisations, but follows up this branch of his subject by some very startling statistics. In the highest grade in which the appointments dated from a previous generation, the Mahomedans had not, he remarks, much to complain of, as in April, 1869, there was one Mussulman to two Hindus; there is now but one Mussulman to three Hindus. In the second grade there were then two Mahomedans to nine Hindus; there is now one Mussulman to ten Hindus. In the third grade there were then four Mussulmans to a total of twenty-seven Hindus and Englishmen; there are now three Mussulmans to a total of twenty-four Hindus and Englishmen. Passing down to the lower ranks, there were in 1869 four Mussulmans among a total of thirty of all creeds; there are now four among a total of thirty-nine. Among the probationers from whom the service is recruited, there were only two Mussulmans in a total of twenty-eight; there is now not one in this rank. It is, however, in the less conspicuous departments in which the distribution of patronage is less keenly watched by the political parties in Bengal, that we may read the fate of the Mussulmans. In 1869, these departments were filled thus: In the three grades of assistant government engineers, there were fourteen Hindus, and not one Mussulman; among the apprentices there were four Hindus and two Englishmen, and not one Mussulman; among the sub-engineers and supervisors of the public works department, there were twenty-four Hindus to one Mussulman; among the overseers, two Mussulmans to sixty-three Hindus. In the offices of account there were fifty names of Hindus, and not one Mussulman; and in the upper subordinate department there were twenty-two Hindus, and again not one Mussulman. In one extensive department the other day it was discovered that there was not a single employé who could read the Mussulman dialect; and, in fact, there is now scarcely a government office in Calcutta in which a Mahomedan

can hope for any post above the rank of porter, messenger, filler of ink-pots, and mender of pens.

We commend these grave facts to the consideration of a government which professes to know no distinction of colour or creed; and, above all, we advise the reader to study for himself the volume from which this article has been compiled. The motives which have swayed mankind in all ages appear to be ranged against the English rule over Indian Mahomedans in terrible array, and the comments upon, and the apprehensions caused by the murder of Justice Norman, whether well or ill founded, give a lurid significance to the protests and warnings of an Indian civil servant who is distinguished among his fellows for his powers of observation and his knowledge of the native mind; and who has had unusual opportunities of bringing these special gifts to bear upon the subject of which he treats.

OUR SUBURBAN COMMON.

OUR common enjoys a great publicity, and has at the same time a privacy of its own. For the London road cuts straight across it, approaching, however, with a sort of respect, abating its stiff pretensions, and condescending to a sort of narrow rustic approach, before it enters on the expanse of our common. Then the strangers aloft on the omnibuses wonder at our rural and quietly picturesque air; and the superior tenants of the open carriages look around approvingly and say, "What a retired, old-fashioned spot!" The carters and waggoners, of whom there is a vast number, are never troubled with speculations of the kind. All they think about is simply the Wheel of Fortune public-house, whose tap enjoys a wide celebrity, not, however, unaided by singular local advantages. The Wheel of Fortune commands the entry to our common; sweeps, rakes that entry, as though it were a fort, and levels its pieces so seductively, that he must be no true waggoner who can avoid halting in that convenient plateau, just to moisten his parched throat after that dusty bit of travel. There is a glaring publicity along the broad high road, which is seen for half a mile, and the better principle has time to muster its forces; but here there is no time for reflection, for the victim finds himself under the guns of the fortress in a second, and must surrender.

Our common is a large sweep of green,

stretching away, and bounded on all sides by veteran houses. It would be impossible to define its shape accurately. It rambles away after its own devices. Indeed, taking its shape in connexion with the texture of its grass, it often suggests to me a vast and ragged old blanket, worn and ravelled away out of its original square, and stretched and tacked down over our common. A rather rickety white fence, consisting of a single rail, straggles round it, and within this enclosure a veteran and bony steed browses away, though the green blanket is worn into holes and patches, while round him younger and equally mendicant horses take their meals. In the morning it is a favourite pastime to go and see two or three unhappy men striving to catch these animals, halter in hand. The steeds are slowly driven into a corner with much waving of arms and menace; and I must say, much nervousness on the part of the men, as they seem on the eve of securing their prey. The old bony, in whom his followers seem to have implicit confidence, throws a careless glance over his impatient shoulder, as he retires, which is full of significance. He is biding his time, as his enemies well know, and malignantly chooses the moment when the halter is almost on his neck to give his signal. In an instant he throws up his heels, makes a feint to the right, another to the left, causing his oppressors to dance backwards and forwards, and fiercely is away through an opening, his old heels up again, followed by the whole party, save one little roan, who is cut off. This escape is attended by execrations from the panting men, who have to begin over again, while the bony old horse careers away full of pride, and, admired by his friends, begins to graze with an appetite. The little roan, in evident despair, makes frantic efforts, and charging straight at his persecutors, scares them, and careers out gallantly to join its friends, who seem to welcome it with delight. This seems a heart-breaking process for the would-be captors, and must, I should say, counterbalance all the advantages of free grazing on the common.

I delight in the irregularity of the old houses which fringe our common, not two of which are of the same height or stoutness. They are all veterans, a good deal decayed, and seem to lean on each other for support. Nearly all have old rusty, red-tiled roofs, which are scooped like shells or spoons. Some have thick warm "Ulsters" of ivy that reach to their very

heels, and give a very cosey air. Off our common are various green lanes, in one of which a builder, with more taste than is found in such beings, has erected a long row of Elizabethan little buildings, less than villas, more than cottages, many of which for some reason unknown stand unlet. In front is a hedge-row and green fields, and the tea-gardens of the Wheel of Fortune, where of Sundays and holidays re-echo the humorous notes of our London 'Arry and his female friend. In fine weather these little tabernacles are charming, with the Virginia creepers overgrowing the whole front of the house, their little rooms, French windows, and tiny kitchens, like the forecastle of a yacht. If I were a writer of very limited means, I could do well in these establishments, for the rent is no more than thirty pounds a year, and the fee-simple can be purchased for three or four hundred pounds. Here an anxious, wiry woman, with corkscrew curls, considerably older than her half-military, half-tailor-like husband, looks after our wants, and talks with nervous awe of the Wheel of Fortune and Mr. Lightband, the proprietor; for in the associations connected with our common I can see that the Wheel of Fortune and Lightband hold an awful place. Everything seems to be referred to the Wheel of Fortune. Its proprietor is the link between it and the outer world, and is supposed to be rolling in wealth. If anything be wanted we can send up to the Wheel. If there is a difficulty we can ask at the Wheel. When everything is run out it can be got at the Wheel. The stray butcher, stray grocer, stray baker may fail, which they often do, but we run to the Wheel, and all is repaired.

Our common is ordinarily a dreamy sort of place, and seems to doze and blink in the sun all day. The church, an old-fashioned structure, is set down in the middle with a little tray of dominoes behind it, which are its tombstones, and which are enclosed so neatly within the edges of the tray, that one almost expects some gigantic footman to come and "take away." A royal duchess comes sometimes and sits in state. But on Sunday evenings no one would know our common; all access to the Wheel is cut off by a block of light carts, waggonettes, hansoms, and "shandrydans," while inside the open windows can be seen innumerable 'Arrys and Jemimars in the full display of that half-amatory, half-gormandising joviality, which is their notion of happiness, 'Arry's harm (meaning, of course, a limb) finding its permanent

position of repose round Jemimar's waist. As we pass down to the other extremity of our common, to its river side, we find whole lines of gigs and Whitechapel's, in a rickety state of genuflexion about the shafts, their horses picketed about, or bestowed in stables. Every house in the row is devoted to "Tea at ninepence," affects a kind of rustic air, and by the aid of a few flower-pots, ambitions the designation of "teagardens." As the evening wears on the merriment becomes uproarious. Should one be inclined to take counsel with the keeper of the pike on the bridge, he could give us some strange little illustrations of our 'Arry's mode of taking his fun; sport to us, but, in a commercial sense, death to him—the pike-keeper. When 'Arry comes down in his thousands, in vans, waggonettes, and 'buses, and, after rowing on the river, and drinking at the Wheel, and osculating profusely on our common, advances in an enormous and riotous band to the gate, our pike-keeper closes it, regardless of two or three omnibuses bound for London; and two policemen having been engaged as aides, the gate is opened just wide enough to allow a fare to squeeze through on payment. I was fortunate enough to witness one such scene, when the whole amalgamated 'Arrys and Jemimars were congregated at the gate, struggling to get through. The real entertainment was the perspiring agitation of the pikeman, in whose face could be read a nervous certainty that he was to be the loser. He was but inefficiently supported by the gentry in the helmets. He was clutching at this hand and that, applying now his shoulder, now his back, to stay the pressing torrents. He would have given worlds to close his gate again, but that was impossible, the aperture was widening every instant slowly but surely; the Jemimars, judiciously placed in the front, where any rude uncivil touch extorted a cry of shame, pushed on more boldly, the gate gave way, and the whole throng tumbled through in a torrent, sweeping over helmets and pike-keeper, in an irresistible rush of triumphant 'Arrydom.

THE BOOKWORM.

WITH spectacles upon his nose
He shuffles up and down,
Of antique fashion are his clothes,
His napless hat is brown;
A huge great watch of silver wrought
Keeps time in sun or rain
To the dull ticking of the thought
Within his rusty brain.

To see him at the bookstall stand
And bargain for the prize,
With the odd sixpence in his hand,
And greed in his grey eyes;

Then conquering seize the book, half blind,
And take the homeward track
For fear the man should change his mind
And want the bargain back.

 The waves of life about him beat,
He scarcely lifts his gaze,
He hears within the crowded street
The wash of ancient days;
If ever his short-sighted eyes
Look forward, he can see
Vistas of dusty libraries
Prolong'd eternally.

 The mighty world of human kind
Is as a shadow dim.
 He walks through life like one half blind
And all looks dark to him;
But put his nose to leaves antique,
And hold before his sight
Some prest and wither'd flowers of Greek,
And all is life and light.

 But think not as he walks along
His brain is dead and cold,
His soul is thinking in the tongue
Which Plato spake of old;
And while some grinning cabman sees
His quaint shape with a jeer,
He smiles, for Aristophanes
Is joking in his ear!

 Around him stretch Athenian walks
And strange shapes under trees,
He pauses in a dream and talks
Great speech with Socrates;
Then, as the fancy fails, still mesh'd
In thoughts that go and come,
Feels in his pouch and is refresh'd
At touch of some old tome.

 O blessings on his hair so grey
And coat of dingy brown!
May bargains bless him every day
As he goes up and down!
Long may the bookstall keeper's face,
In dull times, smile again.
To see him round with shuffling pace
The corner of the lane.

 A good old rag-picker is he,
Who following morn and eve
The quick feet of humanity,
Searches the dust they leave;
He pokes the dust, he sifts with care,
He searches close and deep,
Proud to discover here and there
A treasure in the heap!

CHRONICLES OF LONDON STREETS.

WHITEFRIARS.

So rich is London in legend and tradition, that even some of the spots that now appear the blankest, baldest, and most uninteresting, are really vaults of entombed anecdote, and treasure houses of old story.

Whitefriars—that dull, narrow, uninviting lane sloping from Fleet-street to the river, with gasworks at its foot, and mean shops on either side—was once the centre of a district full of noblemen's mansions, but Time's harlequin wand by-and-bye turned it into a debtors' sanctuary and a thieves' paradise, and for half a century its bullies and swindlers waged a ceaseless war with their proud and racketty neighbours of the

Temple. The dingy lane, now only awoke by the quick wheel of the swift newspaper cart, or the ponderous tires of the sullen coal waggon, was in old times for ever ringing with clash of swords, the cries of quarrelsome gamblers, and the drunken songs of noisy Bobadils.

In the reign of Edward the First, a certain Sir Robert Gray, moved by qualms of conscience or honest impulse, founded on the Thames bank, east of the well-guarded Temple, a Carmelite convent, with broad gardens, where the White Friars might stroll, and with shady nooks where they might con their missals. Bouverie-street and Ram-alley were then part of their domain, and there they watched the river, and prayed for their patrons' souls. In 1350, Courtenay, Earl of Devon, rebuilt the Whitefriars church, and in 1420 a Bishop of Hereford added a steeple. In time greedy hands were laid roughly on cope and chalice, and Henry the Eighth seized on the friars' domains, and gave his physician—that Doctor Butts mentioned by Shakespeare—the chapter-house for a residence. Edward the Sixth, who, with all his promise, was as ready for such pillage as his tyrannical father, pulled down the church, and built noblemen's houses in its stead. The refectory of the convent being preserved, was afterwards the Whitefriars Theatre. The mischievous right of sanctuary was preserved to the district, and confirmed by James the First, in whose reign this slum became jocosely known as Alsatia, from Alsace, that unhappy frontier so often contended for by French and Germans, just as Chandos-street and that shy neighbourhood at the back of the Strand, north-west, used to be called the Caribbean Islands, from its countless straits and intricate thieves' passages. The outskirts of the monastery had been disreputable at an early time, for, even in Edward the Third's reign, the holy friars had complained of the gross temptations of Lombard-street, an alley near Bouverie-street, and sirens and Armidas of all descriptions were ever apt to gather round monasteries. Whitefriars, however, even as late as Cromwell's reign, preserved a certain respectability, for here, with his supposed wife, the Dowager Countess of Kent, Selden lived and studied.

In the reign of James the First a strange murder was committed in Whitefriars. The cause of the crime was highly singular. In 1607, young Lord Sanquhar, a Scotch nobleman, who, with others of his countrymen, had followed the king to

England, had an eye put out by a fencing-master of Whitefriars. The young lord, a man of a very ancient, proud, and noble Scotch family, as renowned for courage as for wit, had striven to put some affront on the fencing-master at Lord Norriss's house, in Oxfordshire, wishing to render him contemptible before his patrons and assistants—a common bravado of the rash Tybalts and hot-headed Mercutios of those fiery days of the duello, when even to crack a nut too loud was enough to make your tavern neighbour draw his sword. John Turner, the master, jealous of his professional honour, challenged him with dagger and rapier, and, determined to chastise his ungenerous assailant, parried all his most skilful passadoes and staccatoes, and in his turn pressed Sanquhar with his foil so hotly and boldly, that he unfortunately thrust out one of his eyes. The young baron, ashamed of his own violence, and not convinced that Turner's thrust was only a slip and an accident, bore with patience several days of extreme danger. As for Turner, he displayed great regret, and was exonerated by everybody. Some time after, Lord Sanquhar, being in the court of Henry the Fourth of France, that chivalrous and gallant king, always courteous to strangers, seeing the patch of green taffeta, unfortunately, merely to make conversation, asked the young Scotchman how he lost his eye. Sanquhar, not willing to lose the credit of a wound, answered cannily, "It was done, your majesty, with a sword." The king replied, thoughtlessly, "Doth the man live?" and no more was said. This remark, however, awoke the viper of revenge in the young man's soul. He brooded over those words, and never ceased to dwell on the hope of some requital on his old opponent. Two years he remained in France, hoping that his wound might be cured, and at last, in despair of such a result, he set sail for England, still brooding over revenge against the author of his cruel, and now, as it appeared, irreparable misfortune. The King of Denmark, James's bibulous father-in-law, was on a visit here at the time, and the court was very gay. The first news that Lord Sanquhar heard was, that the accursed Turner was down at Greenwich Palace, fencing there in public matches before the two kings. To these entertainments the young Scotchman went, and there, from some corner of a gallery, the man with the patch over his eye no doubt scowled, and bit his lip at the fencing-master, as he strutted beneath, proud of his skill, and

flushed with triumph. The moment the prizes were given Sanquhar hurried below, and sought Mr. Turner up and down, through court and corridor, resolved to stab him on the spot, though even drawing a sword in the precincts of the palace was punishable with the loss of a hand. Turner, however, at that time escaped, for Sanquhar never came across him in the throng, though he beat it as a dog beats a covert. The next day, therefore, still on his trail, Sanquhar went after him to London, seeking for him up and down the Strand, and in all the great Fleet-street and Cheap-side taverns. The Scot could not have come to a more dangerous place than London. Some, with malicious pity, would tell him that Turner had vaunted of his skilful thrust, and the way he had punished a man who tried to publicly shame him. Others would thoughtlessly lament the spoiling of a good swordsman and a brave soldier. The mere sight of the turnings to Whitefriars would rouse the evil spirit nestled in Sanquhar's heart. Eagerly he sought for Turner, till he found he was gone down to Lord Norriss's house, in Oxfordshire, the very place where the fatal wound had been inflicted. Being thus for the time foiled, Sanquhar returned to Scotland, and for the present delayed his revenge. On his next visit to London, Sanquhar, cruel and steadfast as a bloodhound, again sought for Turner. Yet the difficulty was to surprise the man, for Sanquhar was well known in all the taverns and fencing-schools of Whitefriars, and yet did not remember Turner sufficiently to be sure of him. He therefore hired two Scotchmen, who undertook the assassination; but in spite of this, Turner somehow or other was hard to get at, and escaped his two pursuers, and the relentless man whose money had bought them. Business then took Sanquhar again to France; but, on his return, the brooding revenge, now grown almost to a monomania, again burst into a flame.

Again he hired two Scotchmen, Carlisle and Grey, who were to take a lodging in Whitefriars, to discover the best way for Sanquhar, himself, to strike a sure blow at the unconscious fencing-master. These men, after some reconnoitring, assured their employer that he could not himself get at Turner, but that they would undertake to do so, to which Sanquhar assented. But Grey's heart failed him after this, and he slipped away, and Turner went again out of town to fence at some country man-

sion. Upon this, Carlisle, a resolute villain, came to his employer, and told him, with grim set face, that, as Grey had deceived him, and there was trust in no knave of them all, he would e'en have nobody but himself, and would assuredly kill Turner on his return, though it were with the loss of his own life. Irving, a border lad, and page to Lord Sanquhar, ultimately joined Carlisle in the assassination.

On the 11th of May, 1612, about seven o'clock of the evening, the two murderers came to a tavern in Whitefriars, which Turner usually frequented as he returned from his fencing-school. Turner, sitting at the door with one of his friends, seeing the men, saluted them, and asked them to drink. Carlisle turned to cock the pistol he had prepared, then wheeled round, and, drawing the pistol from under his coat, discharged it full at the unfortunate fencing-master, and shot him near the left breast. Turner had only time to cry, "Lord have mercy upon me; I am killed," and fell from the ale-bench dead. Carlisle and Irving at once fled, Carlisle to the town, Irving towards the river; but the latter, mistaking a court where wood was sold for the turning into an alley, was instantly run down and taken. Carlisle was caught in Scotland, Grey as he was shipping at a sea-port for Sweden, and Sanquhar himself, hearing one hundred pounds were offered for his head, threw himself on the king's mercy by surrendering himself as an object of pity to the Archbishop of Canterbury. But no intercession could avail. It was necessary for James to show that he would not spare Scottish more than English malefactors.

He was tried in Westminster Hall on the 27th of June, before Mr. Justice Yelverton. Sir Francis Bacon, the Solicitor-General, did what he could to save the revengeful Scot, but it was impossible to keep him from the gallows. Robert Creighton, Lord Sanquhar, confessed himself guilty, and pleaded extenuating circumstances. He had, he said, always believed that Turner, as he had boasted, had put out his eye of set purpose, though at the taking up the foils he (Sanquhar) had specially protested that he played as a scholar, and not as one able to contend with a master in the profession. The mode of playing among scholars was always to spare the face.

"After this loss of my eye," continued the quasi-repentant murderer, "and with the great hazard of the loss of life, I must confess that I ever kept a grudge of my soul

against him, but had no purpose to take so high a revenge; yet in the course of my revenge I considered not my wrongs upon terms of Christianity, for then I should have sought for other satisfaction, but, being trained up in the courts of princes, and in arms, I stood upon the terms of honour, and thence befel this act of dishonour, whereby I have offended: first, God; second my prince; third, my native country; fourth, this country; fifth, the party murdered; sixth, his wife; seventh, posterity; eighth, Carlisle, now executed; and lastly, ninth, my own soul, and am now to die for my offence. But, my lords," he added, "besides my own offence, which in its own nature needs no aggravation, divers scandalous reports are given out which blemish my reputation, which is more dear to me than my life. First, that I made show of reconciliation with Turner, the which I protest is utterly untrue, for what I have formerly said I do again assure your good lordships, that ever after my hurt received I kept a grudge in my soul against him, and never made the least pretence of reconciliation with him. Yet this, my lords, I will say, that if he would have confessed and sworn he did it not of purpose, and withal would have foresworn arms, I would have pardoned him; for, my lords, I considered that it must be done either of set purpose or ignorantly; if the first, I had no occasion to pardon him, if the last, that is no excuse in a master, and therefore for revenge of such a wrong, I thought him unworthy to bear arms."

Lord Sanquhar then proceeded to deny the aspersion that he was an ill-natured fellow, ever revengeful, and delighting in blood. He confessed, however, that he was never willing to put up with a wrong, nor to pardon where he had a power to revenge. He had never been guilty of blood till now, though he had occasion to draw his sword both in the field and on sudden violences, where he had both given and received hurts. He allowed that upon commission from the king to suppress wrongs done him in his own country he had put divers of the Johnsons to death, but for that he hoped he had need neither to ask God nor man for forgiveness. He denied, on his salvation, that by the help of his countrymen he had attempted to break prison and escape. The condemned prisoner finally begged the lords to let the following circumstances move them to pity and the king to mercy: first,

the indignity received from so mean a man ; second, that it was done willingly, for he had been informed that Turner had bragged of it after it was done ; third, the perpetual loss of his eye ; fourth, the want of law to give satisfaction in such a case ; fifth, the continual blemish he had received thereby.

The Solicitor-General, in his speech, took the opportunity of fulsomely slavering the king after his manner. He represented the sputtering, drunken, corrupt James as almost divine in his energy and sagacity. He had stretched forth his long arms (for kings, he said, had long arms) and taken Grey as he shipped for Sweden, Carlisle ere he was warm in his house in Scotland. He had prosecuted the offenders "with the breath and blasts of his mouth." "So that," said this gross time-server, "I may conclude that his majesty hath showed himself God's true lieutenant, and that he is no respecter of persons, but English, Scots, nobleman, fencer (which is but an ignoble trade), are all to him alike in respect of justice. Nay, I may say further, that his majesty hath had in this matter a kind of prophetic spirit, for at what time Carlisle and Grey, and you, my lord, yourself, were fled no man knew whither, to the four winds, the king ever spoke in confident and undertaking manner, that, wheresoever the offenders were in Europe, he would produce them to justice."

Mr. Justice Yelverton, though Bacon had altogether taken the wind out of his sails, summed up in the same vein, to prove that James was a Solomon and a prophet, and would show no favouritism to Scotchmen. He held out no hope of a reprieve. The base and barbarous murder, he said, with ample legal verbiage, "was exceeding strange—done upon the sudden ! done in an instant ! done with a pistol ! done with your own pistol ! under the colour of kindness. As Cain talked with his brother Abel, he rose up and slew him. Your executioners of the murder left the poor miserable man no time to defend himself, no time to pray for himself, scarce any time to breathe out these last words, 'Lord have mercy upon me !' The ground of the malice that you bore him grew not out of any offence that he ever willingly gave you, but out of the pride and haughtiness of your own self; for that in the false conceit of your own skill, you would needs importune him to that action, the sequel whereof did most unhappily breed your blemish—the loss of your eye." The manner of his death

would be no doubt as he (the prisoner) would think unbecoming to a man of his honour and blood (a baron of three hundred years' antiquity), but was fit enough for such an offender. Lord Sanquhar was then sentenced to be hung till he was dead. The populace, from whom he expected "scorn and disgrace," were full of pity for a man to be cut off, like Shakespeare's Claudio, in his prime, and showed great compassion.

On the 29th of June—St. Peter's Day—Lord Sanquhar was hung before Westminster Hall. On the ladder he confessed the enormity of his sins, but said that till his trial, blinded by the devil, he could not see he had done anything unfitting a man of his rank and quality, who had been trained up in the wars, and had lived the life of a soldier, standing more on points of honour than religion. He then professed that he died a Roman Catholic, and begged all Roman Catholics present to pray for him. He had long, he said, for worldly reasons, neglected the public profession of his faith, and he thought God was angry with him. The religion was a good religion—a saving religion—and if he had been constant to it, he was verily persuaded he should never have fallen into that misery. He then prayed for the king, queen, their issue, the state of England and Scotland, and the lords of the council and church, after which the executioner threw him from the ladder, suffering him to hang a long time to display the king's justice. The compassion and sympathy of the people present had abated directly they found that he was a Roman Catholic. The same morning, very early, Carlisle and Irving were hung on two gibbets in Fleet-street, over against the great gate of the Whitefriars. The page's gibbet was six feet higher than the serving-man's, it being the custom at that time in Scotland that, when a gentleman was hung at the same time with one of meaner quality, the gentleman had the honour of the higher gibbet, feeling aggrieved if he had not.

The riotous little kingdom of Whitefriars, with all its frouzy and suspicious population, has been admirably drawn by Scott in his fine novel of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, recently so pleasantly recalled to our remembrance by Mr. Andrew Halliday's dexterous dramatic adaptation. Sir Walter chooses a den of Alsation as a sanctuary for young Nigel, after his duel with Dalgarno. At one stroke of Scott's pen, the foggy, crowded streets eastward of the Temple rise before us, and they are

thronged with shaggy, uncombed ruffians, with greasy shoulder-belts, discoloured scarfs, enormous moustaches, and torn hats. With what a Teniers's pencil the great novelist sketches the dingy precincts, with its blackguardly population. "The wailing of children," says the author of *Nigel*, "the scolding of their mothers, the miserable exhibition of ragged linen hung from the windows to dry, spoke the wants and distresses of the wretched inhabitants, while the sounds of complaint were mocked and overwhelmed by the riotous shouts, oaths, profane songs, and boisterous laughter that issued from the alehouses and taverns, which, as the signs indicated, were equal in number to all the other houses, and that the full character of the place might be evident, several faded, tinselled, and painted females looked boldly at the strangers from their open lattices, or more modestly seemed busied with the cracked flower-pots filled with mignonette and rosemary, which were disposed in front of the windows, to the great risk of the passengers." It is to a dilapidated tavern in the same foul neighbourhood that the gay Templar, it will be remembered, takes *Nigel* to be sworn in a brother of Whitefriars, by drunken and knavish Duke Hildebrand, whom he finds surrounded by his counsellors—a bullying Low Country soldier, a broken attorney, and a hedge parson; and here, at old miser Trapbois's, he narrowly escapes death from the poor old wretch's cowardly assassins.

The scoundrels and cheats of Whitefriars are well drawn by Dryden's rival, Shadwell. That most unjustly treated writer (for he was by no means a fool) has called one of his comedies, in the Ben Jonson manner, the *Squire of Alsacia*. It paints the manners of the place at the latter end of Charles's reign, when the dregs of an age that was indeed full of dregs, were vatted in that disreputable sanctuary east of the Temple. These copper captains, the degraded clergymen who married anybody without inquiry for five shillings, the broken lawyers, skulking bankrupts, sullen homicides, thievish money-lenders, and gaudy courtesans, Dryden's burly rival has painted with a brush full of colour, and with a brightness, clearness, and sharpness which are photographic in their force and truth. In the dedication, which is inscribed to the great patron of poets, the poetical Earl of Dorset, Shadwell dwells on the great success of the piece, the plot of which he had cleverly borrowed from the *Adelphi* of Terence. In the prologue, which was

spoken by poor Mountfort, the actor whom the infamous Lord Mohun stabbed in Norfolk-street, the dramatist justly ridicules his tormentor Dryden for his noise and bombast. With some vigour he writes:

With what prodigious scarcity of wit
Did the new authors starve the hungry pit!
Infected by the French you must have rhyme,
Which long to please the ladies' ears did chime.
Soon after this came ranting fustian in,
And none but plays upon the fret were seen.
Such daring bombast stuff which fops would praise
Tore our best actors' lungs, cut short their days.
Some in small time did this distemper kill,
And had the savage authors gone on still,
Fustian had been a new disease i' the bill.

The moral of Shadwell's piece is the danger of severity in parents. An elder son being bred up under restraint, turns a rakehell in Whitefriars, whilst the younger, who has had his own way, becomes "an ingenious, well-accomplished gentleman, a man of honour in King's Bench-walk, and of excellent disposition and temper," in spite of a good deal more gallantry than our stricter age would pardon. The worst of it is that the worthy son is always being mistaken for the scamp, while the miserable Tony Lumpkin passes for a time as a pink of propriety. Eventually he falls into the hands of some Alsatian tricksters. The first of these, Cheatly, is a rascal, who "by reason of debt does not stir out of Whitefriars, but there inveigles young men of fortune, and helps them to goods and money upon great disadvantages, is bound for them, and shares with them till he undoes them." Shadwell tickets him in his dramatis personæ as "a lewd, impudent, debauched fellow." According to his own account he lies perdu because his unnatural father is looking for him to send him home into the country. Number two, Shamwell, is a young man of fortune, who, ruined by Cheatly, has turned decoy-duck and lives on a share of the spoil. His ostensible reason for concealment is, that an alderman's young wife had run away with him. The third rascal, Scrapeall, is a low, hypocritical money-lender, who is secretly in partnership with Cheatly. The fourth rascal is Captain Hackum, a bullying coward, whose wife keeps lodgings, sells cherry brandy, and is of more than doubtful virtue. He had formerly been a sergeant in Flanders, but ran from his colours, dubbed himself captain, and sought refuge in the Friars from a paltry debt. This blustering scamp stands much upon his honour, and is alternately drawing his enormous sword and being tweaked by the nose. A lion in the estimation of fools, he boasts over his cups that he has whipped five men

through the lungs. He talks a detestable cant language, and calls guineas "megs," and half-guineas "smelts." Money with him is "the ready, the rhino, the darby," a good hat is "a rum nab," to be well off is to be "rhinocerical." This consummate scoundrel teaches young country Tony Lumpkins to break windows, scour the streets, and thrash the constables. They learn how to doctor the dice, and get into all depths of low mischief. Finally, when old Sir William Belfond, the severe old country gentleman, comes to confront his son during his disgraceful revels at the George Tavern, in Dogwell-court, Bouverie-street, the four scamps raise a shout of "An arrest! an arrest! A bailiff! a bailiff!" The drawers join in, the Friars in a moment is in an uproar, and eventually the old gentleman is chased by all the scum of Alsatia, shouting "Stop! stop! a bailiff! a bailiff!" He has a narrow escape of being pulled to pieces, and emerges in Fleet-street, hot, bespattered, and bruised. It was no joke to threaten the privileges of Whitefriars.

Presently a horn is blown, and there is a cry from Water-lane to Hanging Swordalley, from Ashen Tree-court to Temple Gardens, of "Tipstaff! An arrest! an arrest!" and in a moment they are "up in the Friars" with a cry of "fall on." The skulking debtors scuttle into their burrows, the bullies fling down cup and can, lug out their rusty blades, and rush into the mêlée. From every den and crib, red-faced, bloated women hurry with fire-forks, spits, cudgels, pokers, and shovels. They're "up in the Friars" with a vengeance. Pouring into the Temple before the Templars can gather, they are about to drag old Sir William under the pump, when the worthy son comes to the rescue, and the Templars with drawn swords drive back the rabble, and make the porter shut the gates leading into Whitefriars. Cheately, Shamwell, and Hackum, taken prisoners, are then well drubbed, and pumped on, and the gallant captain loses half his whiskers. "The terror of his face," he moans, "is gone." "Indeed!" says Cheately, "your magnanimous phiz is somewhat disfigured by it, captain." Cheately threatens endless actions. Hackum swears his honour is very tender, and that this one affront will cost him at least five murders. As for Shamwell, he is inconsolable. "What reparation are actions?" he moans, as he shakes his wet hair, and rubs his bruised back. "I am a gentleman, and can never show my face

amongst my kindred more." They then console themselves with cherry brandy from Hackum's shop, after which the copper captain observes, somewhat in Falstaff's manner, "A fish has a cursed life on't. I shall have that aversion to water after this, that I shall scarce ever be cleanly enough to wash my face again."

Later in the play there is still another rising in Alsatia, but this time the musketeers come in force in spite of all privileges, and the scuffle is greater than ever. Some debtors run up and down without coats, others with still more conspicuous deficiencies. Some cry, "Oars! oars! sculler; five pound for a boat; ten pound for a boat; twenty pound for a boat;" many leap from balconies, and make for the water to escape to the Savoy or the Mint, also sanctuaries of that day. The plot ends with a dignified protest against the privileges of places that harboured such knots of scoundrels. "Was ever," Shadwell says, "such impudence suffered in a government? Ireland conquered, Wales subdued, Scotland united. But there are some few spots of ground in London, just in the face of the government, unconquered yet, that hold in rebellion still. Methinks 'tis strange, that places so near the king's palace should be no part of his dominions. 'Tis a shame in the societies of law to countenance such practices; should any place be shut against the king's writ or posse comitatus?"

Be sure the pugnacious young Templars present all rose at that, and great was the thundering of red-heeled shoes. King William probably agreed with Shadwell, for at the latter end of his reign the privilege of sanctuary was taken from Whitefriars, and the dogs were let in on the rats, for whom they had been so long waiting. The Mint and the Savoy, however, escaped a good deal longer; and there the Hackums and Cheatly's hid their ugly faces when daylight was at last let into Whitefriars, and the wild days of Alsatia ceased for ever.

GRACE ALLEN.

"WELL, she's a pretty birdie, and too young for William; so it is not so bad as it might have been," said Aunt Maria, gravely, to her maid. "But, mercy me! what a daft-like thing to leave a bit lassie like that to our Will to take care of! That there was an Aunt Maria at home to hold things together, and keep his house from

falling about his ears, while Will was rambling about heathen parts, never entered poor Jack Allen's head; but then poor Jack—the Lord forgive me for speaking an ill word of the dead!—never had any head, so far as I know; and certainly to make my nephew, Will Magnus, guardian to a lass of sixteen, was about the foolishest thing of a rare foolish life. However, we'll do the best we can for her, poor bit thing, and we cannot do more; eh, Jane?"

"No, ma'am," said Jane, demurely, mentally calculating the extra trouble which the young lady just arrived would give, and wondering that her mistress had borne so patiently with what mistress and maid well knew would be an immense interruption to the method and regularity of their lives. For both Aunt Maria and Jane Crupper her factotum were spinsters of a certain age, and as such not naturally inclined to the companionship of a pretty girl of sixteen, who was sure, they both thought, to have less sense than folly, and to be no good in the house, take her how they would. But if old maids, both women were substantially kind and generous; so poor little Grace was bidden welcome, with a magnanimous resolve to make the best of everything, and not to let molehills look too much like mountains.

Up-stairs, whilsts crying whilsts pondering, sat Grace Allen, poor Jack's orphaned child and William Magnus's ward. Grace had never known her mother, which was one among other reasons why the kind, soft heart of her father had yearned over her with such passionate tenderness, and why, had she been any one but Grace, she would have been spoilt ages ago. As it was, maybe she was just a shade spoilt on the outside, but then the heart of her was as pure as a bit of gold, and if she had been indulged she had not learnt to be selfish. Jack had brought her up on the principle of love, and on the whole his workmanship might be commended. Then she was pretty—very pretty; a fair-faced, brown-haired girl, tall for her years, with a skin like rose-leaves and cream, as her old nurse used to say, and a look of wholesomeness, if not of great strength, about her; a girl of warm and steadfast affections, not passions; faithful, loyal, truthful, loving; but a creature that cried rather than stormed when things went ill, and sorrows and disappointments, which not even Jack nor Nursey could keep from her, fell on her young head.

This was one of them. She had been

wretched enough six months ago, when she had lost her dear Nursey, who had been to her like a second mother; but what was even that to this other terrible grief, the loss of her good, tender father, her friend, her protector, her playmate, her beloved! No wonder that she cried, poor darling, if between whilsts she pondered; and the shape her thoughts took chiefly was, "I wonder what kind of man my guardian is;" and "I wonder if I shall ever see Addy again, and if he will keep his promise and write to me."

Addy was a young man standing in the registrar's books as Adolphus Cayley, the son of colour-sergeant Cayley of the regiment where poor Jack had been major. Moreover he was Nursey's nephew: and not a gentleman. But he was a fine, handsome, gallant youth, learning now to be a civil engineer; a lad with brains and the knowledge of how to use them, and who, by the grace of natural refinement, quick perceptions, and some good fortune in early associations, had gained a quite passable amount of good-breeding, so that his manners, if not noticeably aristocratic, were by no means plebeian. And he had been much with Grace; both years ago when they were little people playing with cowslip balls and daisy chains in the meadows, and later, when, grown girl and youth, they had not found the two ends of the village where they lived so far apart that they could not meet every day, nor the barriers of rank so insuperable that they could not learn to be friends; dear friends; such friends as a boy and girl, used to each other from childhood, and whose affections have not been diverted by interlopers, are by habit and that mysterious thing we call nature. Jack Allen had never interfered with the acquaintance. Bohemian as he was by inclination, and easy tempered to a fault, so long as his little girl was pleased he was satisfied; and Nursey, who loved the bright brave boy like her own—well! Nursey shut her eyes, and kept on repeating to herself, "They are only children," long after Addy, at the least, had learnt enough of his own mind to know the contrary. So things had been in the past. What they would be in the future, with Aunt Maria's old-fashioned Scottish ideas about caste and maidenly dignity; with William Magnus's high notions of duty, and the care he ought to take of his dead friend's daughter; with Grace Allen's loyalty on the one side, and want of fight on the other; and with young Addy's per-

sonal pride to keep him to his point, and conventional sensitiveness to make him forbear to press that point—what they would be with all these warring elements to perplex and distract, remained now to be seen. Meanwhile poor little Grace cried, and Aunt Maria and her maid Jane generously resolved to make the best of a bargain not wholly to their mind.

"My dear, who's your correspondent?" asked Aunt Maria, for her a trifle sternly, as, two or three weeks after her arrival at High Elm, Grace Allen's fair face flushed and dimpled with delight, when the servant handed her a letter, addressed in a large, bold, well-written hand.

"Addy," replied Grace laconically.

"Addy? but who is Addy?"

"Addy Cayley," repeated Grace.

"Two daft words don't make one wise answer," said Aunt Maria, smiling and knitting her brows at the same moment. "'Addy,' first, and then 'Addy Cayley,' don't tell me much, lassie. Come, now, open out! Who and what is this Addy Cayley who writes—eh, my heart! but he writes long letters!"

"I have not much to tell you, Aunt Maria," said Grace, demurely. "Addy Cayley is a boy I know; poor papa knew him, and Nursey, and he is with Mr. Tine, the engineer, and he's going to make railroads out in India some day, and I've known him all my life, and I can't tell you any more."

"What's his father?" asked Aunt Maria, coming to the point.

"Colour-sergeant in poor papa's regiment," said Grace; and for the first time in her life she wished that Addy's father had epaulettes like a major's.

"Colour-sergeant! and in your poor papa's own regiment? Lassie, he's no fit companion for you," said Aunt Maria warmly, speaking broad Scotch as she always did when excited.

"Papa thought he was, and so did Nursey," said Grace, with a certain suggestive drawing in of her lips; a look that Aunt Maria was quick enough to read, and wise enough to not quite like; therefore, not to wish to provoke too much.

"Ah, but you see, my dear, it's your guardian, and in his case I, who have you now between hands," she answered, soothingly. "Besides, what might be when you were a wee thing, is no just blate for a young lady in her teens, and I think, lassie, if you will reflect, a moment's consideration will show you that the son of a

colour-sergeant in your father's regiment is not just a fit friend for your father's daughter. But how came he to get such a good education?" and she turned over the envelope curiously. "How was it he didn't take to the ranks, like his father?"

"Poor papa helped him, and Nursey had some money, and another person, a Miss Mead, where his mother had been housekeeper, helped him too," said Grace. "So among them all he was sent to a good school, and now he is with Mr. Tine; for he is such a dear, clever boy," she added innocently, "every one loves him, and every one wanted to help him. But papa and Nursey did the most; and papa liked me to be friends with him," she added, with the same drawing in of her lips, a little viciously this time.

"Well, my dear, we'll say no more about it now," said Aunt Maria, shutting her work-box with a resolute air, as if she shut up Grace, and Addy, and all relating to them, inside it. "Your guardian is coming home next week, and we'll hear what he says. If he likes such an intimacy for his ward, well and good; he can suit himself. I don't approve of it, and so I tell you frankly; but then I am old-fashioned, and behind my day, I dare say. However, Will is master, and when he's at home I'm only mistress. Maybe you'll know the difference some day, little lassie," she added, patting the girl's flushed cheek kindly as she left the room.

"They shan't take me away from Addy, whatever they do," said Grace to herself; and then she sat down and answered the boy's letter, and girl-like, told him all that had happened, with unintentional amplifications.

"I shall have to work hard," was Addy's unspoken commentary when he read her more than kind, and slightly less than exact outpour; "and I'll do it or die."

The week passed, and the day dawned the close of which was to see William Magnus, Grace Allen's guardian and Aunt Maria's nephew, once more at home to take the slack reins into his strong hands, and set those things straight which Aunt Maria's good-nature for the one part, and fear of interfering in matters beyond her ultimate control for the other, used to let go crooked. There were tenants to look after, and rents to receive, and leases to renew; for Will Magnus had a supreme distrust of all professional services, and preferred to let his affairs come to a standstill in Aunt Maria's keeping, while he was

rambling in foreign parts, to trusting them to any paid agent whatsoever. There was thus plenty for him to do at such times as he came home; and Aunt Maria was a little troubled to have this lassie and her silly affairs added to her favourite's burdens. But it had to be done, and to Will was left the task of coping with Addy Cayley.

Somewhat Grace was desperately afraid of this guardian of hers. It is that way with young people when any one is held up to them as a bugbear; and Aunt Maria, being weak on all questions of authority, had the habit of putting forward her nephew as the ultima ratio impersonator, the bogie whom no one could withstand. So that when Grace was sent for in the gloaming to come down-stairs, and be introduced to her guardian, she entered the room with her foolish heart all in a flutter, and her cheeks with considerably more of the cream than the rose-leaf in them.

"And you are poor Jack's little girl!" said a kind, frank, cheery voice, and Grace, lifting up her shy blue eyes, saw standing before her a medium-sized, not particularly handsome, but square-built, powerful-looking man, with a bronzed genial face, and a pleasant smile, showing a row of small square teeth like ivory beneath the tawny gold of his bushy beard. Then Grace was no longer afraid. With the instinctive trust of a child, or an animal, she went straight up to her guardian, and laid both her hands on one of his broad outstretched palms. They were friends from that moment, to Aunt Maria's unfeigned surprise, and maid Jane's secret disapprobation.

"Miss Grace need not have been afraid or silly," she said, when discussing the subject in the sanctuary of the housekeeper's room; "but she might have been content with one hand, I think, and him a gentleman as she had never set eyes on before!"

If Jack Allen's daughter had studied under the cleverest and most rusée of instructresses, she could have done nothing wiser, so far as her guardian was concerned, than what she did when she frankly laid her hands on his, and claimed and accepted him as her friend. For the one besetting weakness of the strong man in whose care she had been left, was, that he liked to be loved, and valued trust more than anything else in the world. He was one of those men who are what others make them; to the suspicious an enemy, to the loving and believing a hero, a protector, a

friend. To Grace Allen, therefore, he was resolved to be henceforth her best and truest protector, her champion, care-taker, emphatically her friend.

William Magnus was given to making pets. Now it was a dog, now a horse, sometimes a child, sometimes a pursuit: and sometimes it was a woman. His fancies generally varied with each return home; so that Aunt Maria was not greatly surprised to see him give up all his other loves, even his pointer Fan and his bay horse Cub, for his new plaything, poor Jack Allen's daughter. He devoted himself to her. For her sake he abandoned certain savage ways, which he had never been known to abandon until now. He wore a dress-coat for dinner, instead of a loose sack more like a cloak than a coat; he smoked one cigar where formerly he had smoked three; and he came into the drawing-room of an evening and talked, instead of keeping in his own peculiar den, where no one but himself ever entered. He became indeed almost a nuisance from the persistency with which he hung about the drawing-room; whereas, in former times, he had been more slippery than an eel, and as difficult to catch as a wild hawk. Aunt Maria noted all these changes, but said nothing. Will was master, as she had said, and she knew her own interests too well to oppose his inclinations, whatever they might have been. And then Grace was but a bit lassie yet, she argued to herself; and she had no reason to be afraid. And yet, why afraid? Will was his own master; and if he chose to fall in love with Grace, and to marry her off-hand, who was there to say him nay, and why should he not? Yet somehow the prospect did not please Aunt Maria. Fine fellow, and strong and hearty as Will was, he was forty if a day, while Grace was but sixteen yet, not even that one year riper, "sweet seventeen." And though the difference might not be very shocking now, yet it would be hereafter, when the one would be a handsome woman of thirty, in the very prime of her life and the full meridian of her beauty, and the other would be fifty-four or five, waning, if not rapidly yet waning decidedly.

As for Grace, no prospective difficulties came to trouble her at present. She was happy, and quite content that things should go on as they were now for so long a time as—well, for as long as every one else was happy. There had been no talk of Addy, because the boy had not written to her

again; and Aunt Maria had not liked to make mischief; so that possible disturbance was in present abeyance, and youth having the happy knack of trust and contentment, the girl was perfectly well satisfied with her lot as it was; and if ever she thought of the future at all, it was only as a vague dream of some very wonderful happiness in which Addy shared, and to which she gave no name. So the time passed on, and the spring melted into the summer, and the summer ripened into the autumn, and then Grace began to think that Addy's next letter was long in coming, and that she wished he would write to her again.

And her wishes bore fruit; for not long after she had begun to cry a little of nights to herself, the post brought her one day at breakfast a letter in the same broad bold handwriting as before; and Aunt Maria's work was cut out for her.

"Aha, missy!" cried William Magnus, watching her vivid blush with an expression on his face not easy to read. And then he asked, as Aunt Maria had asked before, "Who's your correspondent?"

"Addy," answered Grace.

"Addy? And who's Addy?" laughing a little grimly.

"Addy Cayley," returned Grace, with the feeling that all this had been gone through before.

"Oh yes, Will," chimed in Aunt Maria; "that is a thing I wanted to tell you of, but I have had no opportunity until now. Do you approve of this young lad's writing to Grace?"

"I must first know all about him, and what it means," said William, with a grave look. "Come here, my little girl, and tell me, who is this Addy Cayley of yours? and why does he write to you? and what does he say?"

He held out his hand, but Grace, instead of running up to him, as she would have done under any other circumstances on such an appeal, hung her head a little lower, and remained motionless. She did not want to show Addy's letter. It had been a long time coming, but now that it had come it was very sweet and very tender, and it said one or two things which, child as Grace was, she was not too young to understand; and then at the end it slid in, by way of key-note to the whole, "I think I can trust you, Grace, to believe in me, even if you have to wait a long time before I have made my fortune. But you know I shall make it some day, and I think you

know, too, who it is that I would ask to share it, or rather who it is that I would give it all to. If you are in doubt, look in the glass, and it will tell you."

So this was what Grace did not want to show, all in a maze and tremor of trouble and delight as she was; and this was why she sat in her chair, and hung down her head, instead of running up to her guardian as else she would have done.

"Will you not come to me, Grace?" asked Will, in a tone perhaps more pained than severe, but both together.

The girl rose slowly, and went forward with childlike reluctance; but though she went on this second appeal, she halted before she had got quite close to her friend. He put out his hand, and drew her up to his knee; for, with a magisterial kind of instinct, he was sitting all this time.

"Come, look up, bonny one," he said kindly, putting his large hand under her chin, and lifting her face. "I do not like to see you so downcast as this, and for no reason. Tell me all about this Addy Cayley of yours. You are wise enough to know, little girl, that, as your guardian, I am entitled to know."

"There is nothing to tell," said Grace, part shy, part sullen.

"No? Then you must let me read his letter, that I may judge for myself."

"No, no!" cried Grace, vehemently. "I won't let you read the letter, Mr. Magnus! It is too bad of you to ask; it is too cruel, too horrible! Papa would not have done such a thing, and you shall not read it!" On which she thrust it into her pocket, and crushed it rebelliously in her hand in the depths; for indeed it seemed to her at this moment, trembling with love and virgin shame together, that it would have been worse than sacrilege to show it—it would have been gross, improper, treacherous, everything most vile and terrible.

William Magnus was not a patient man. There had been a time when, kind and brave as he was, and frail as was his opponent, he would have taken from her by force what she refused now to his request; but a change had somehow come over him of late, and, without another word, but with a curious pallor on his bronzed face, he rose from his seat and left the room, leaving Grace so far the conqueror; yet leaving her more unhappy than if she had yielded, as perhaps she ought to have done, and had given him the confidence he had claimed. And yet how could she show Addy's letter? You might as well have

asked her to lay bare her heart as it beat in her bosom. She was unhappy because of her disobedience, truly, and yet she did not feel as if she ought to have been more tractable. Addy and her guardian; love and duty; fidelity and obedience. Oh, why is not the path made plainer for tender souls who would fain do right to every one all round, yet who, if they are loyal to one, must needs fail the other!

"Grace, I am surprised at you," said Aunt Maria, with vague displeasure; and she too got up and went away, not caring to venture on a question which she was dimly conscious had depths beyond her sounding.

So Grace sat down and cried, feeling as if her fairy palace had suddenly melted away, and had left her standing in the midst of ruins. And yet had not Addy said he loved her, and was she not bidden to wait? And wait she would, though she had to wait in sorrow and tribulation, and with only ruins for her soul's habitation for the rest of her life.

Meanwhile Will Magnus wandered about the garden perplexed, disappointed, angry, and most miserable. Yes, most miserable. It seemed to him that no one in this wide world of suffering was so wretched as he was at this moment. He had known full well the truth of his own heart, but he had resolutely shut his eyes to the state of his feelings and the hostile chances of the future; and now he had to pay for his blindness. Yet she was such a child! He could not have acted differently. How could he, a man of forty with the silver beginning to spread over his gold, how could he make love to a child not yet seventeen, and his own ward? And yet he loved her; better than his own life, better than his past—than his dignity—if not better than his honour. And she, whom all this time he had thought a mere bit of wax which he was moulding to his desire, she whom he fondly hoped he was leading, as yet unconsciously, to love him, so that when she was a woman and able to choose she would choose him of her own free will—his child-love, his delight, his darling, she had already given her heart away; and what he thought he held safe in his own hands proved to be the mere outside appearance, no more! And now what could he do? Play the tyrant, and forbid her young lover ever to think of her again? or be magnanimous and give up his treasure to the earlier claimant? Yet why should he? She had shown no feeling for him; she

must have known what he suffered; and she had placed no trust in him. And at this thought his anger began to rise. She had placed no trust in him, he who of all men prized and desired confidence. Why, then, should he show her kindness? And was it not his duty to look into this matter narrowly, and to forbid it absolutely, unconditionally, at least for the present, no matter who this young scoundrel might be? He was a scoundrel; Will Magnus made sure of that beforehand, else he would not have written to her, child as she was, without first asking permission of her guardians and care-takers. Yes, the sense of duty cleared off his perplexities; he would forbid the whole affair.

So, armed with this resolution, he turned back to the house, and entered the dining-room as he had left it, by the window.

Here he found Grace sitting alone among the débris of the breakfast, looking, in his eyes, more like the picture of a naughty child sulking for a toy, than the dignified presentment of a woman, resolute to accept all manner of evil for love's sake.

"Grace," said Mr. Magnus sternly. She looked up and read her doom. "I asked you just now to tell me who this young man is, to give me your confidence, to make me your friend; you refused; and now I ask no more. I want to know nothing; for whatever you were to tell me would not change my decision a hair's-breadth; I positively, and with my whole authority, forbid any correspondence, any communication between you and this young fellow; at least while you are under my control. So now you understand. If you disobey me, I will make you a ward in Chancery; where this precious scamp of yours will find matters even a little harder on him than I can make them. No remonstrances," as Grace was about to speak. "You had your opportunity; you neglected it; and now you must abide by your own choice of action. Mine is made: and nothing that you could say will alter my decision."

Saying which he again left the room; and before the evening had come he had left the house, for two years' travel in the wilds of Abyssinia, giving Aunt Maria strict orders what to do and what to forbid, should Grace prove disobedient, or young Addy Cayley troublesome.

But Grace was a good girl in her own way. If she was rebellious in her fidelity she was not disobedient in act, and as her guardian had forbidden her to write, so that she was unable to do so openly, she

scorned to have recourse to any mean deception; so simply held on and trusted, and hoped that Addy would hold on and trust too. But it was weary work; and by the time the winter had fairly come, the suspense and sorrow in which she lived had begun to tell upon her sadly, and the rose leaves were fast fading from her face, leaving her so pinched, pale, distressed, that Aunt Maria's kind heart bled for her, and she even ventured once on a half-hesitating petition to her nephew, for leave to relax the severity of her jailership.

With poor Addy the case was almost as bad. No reply coming to his letter he tortured himself with fears that Grace had taken it ill, held it presumptuous, and by her silence wished him to understand that he had no chance, no hope. The fever into which his perplexity threw him nearly cost the poor lad his life; but he rallied again after a severe fight, and turned to his work again, resolute if sad, with no cowardly despair or despondency, for if hope, and love, and poetry were gone, he had at least work, fame, and ambition still left.

Meanwhile Grace faded steadily away, till by the spring time she looked more like dying than living. But she never complained. She simply wept and fretted, and could not eat, and grew weaker, and thinner, and paler; but she did not disobey her guardian's commands, and she did not cease to love and long for Addy.

Suddenly Will Magnus came home; no one knew why, and even he himself would have been troubled to give a reason intelligible to any one. But impelled by the restless dissatisfaction that had taken possession of him ever since his outbreak with Grace, he came back one day, as if he had dropped from the skies, and nearly killed his fragile ward by the suddenness of his arrival. She was lying on the sofa drawn up in the bay of the window, half dozing from mere weakness, when all at once she became conscious of some one looking at her. She opened her large blue eyes with a start and a cry; and the next instant was lying in a dead faint in her guardian's arms, who, for a long time, sobbing bitterly, strong man as he was, hung over what he thought to be the corpse of the sweet child he had killed. But she was restored before it was too late; and, after infinite pains and difficulty, once more looked out into the glad life of earth.

Will was kneeling by her, holding her

hands in his, when she finally recovered; careless of what Aunt Maria, of what Jane the maid, of what the doctor might think, kissing those pale, wasted little fingers, while his hot tears fell over them. Grace opened her eyes upon him. Feebly raising herself from the pillow, she slid one arm round his neck, and caressingly laid her cheek on his.

"Guardy dear," she whispered, putting up her other hand to his face, "send Addy to me. Let me see him again! Oh, let me see him again!" and then she fell back and fainted again.

But she had conquered. It was a struggle and a pain; but then life itself is but a struggle and a pain all through! Will felt the innocent ingratitude of the girl, perhaps, more than anything else. Here was he breaking his heart over her, and the first use she made of her restored life was to beseech him for his rival! However, it had to be done. It was not in him to resist such an appeal, made so tenderly, so confidently, with such an abandonment of self-restraint, such childlike trust in his goodness, appealing from him to himself. It had to be done; and it was done; and when the two young people were honestly and openly engaged, for all that Addy was but the son of a colour-sergeant, then Will Magnus again, and for the last time, left home.

Not many months after, the consul at Zanzibar wrote to Aunt Maria a sad, if brief, account of how her nephew had died of fever almost immediately on his arrival in the country; and how, with his last breath he had sent his love to "Grace Allen," and his dying prayers for her happiness.

So the strong bore the burden that the weaker might be spared; and the man went down in the noonday of his power, that the younger lives might blossom and brighten in his stead.

Next week will be commenced a STORY, in Eleven Chapters, by the author of "In that State of Life," entitled,

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